

MARVEL®
8th June 91

THE REAL

GHST BUSTERS™

№156 55p

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Industries Inc.

THIS IS
NO LAUGHING
MATTER,
PETER!

IT WASN'T
ME, EGON!

HA!
HA! HA!

ISSN 0954-9404



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23



There are wall-to-wall ugly mugs in this week's **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS** comic! There may not be any bats in the belfry, but it certainly looks like there's something else lying in wait for Peter and Egon in **The Giggling Gargoyle!**

One hump or two? Well, in this case it's just the one, but it's causing more than enough trouble for two in **The Hunchback Of Notre Dim!** Poor Janine, she won't want to go on another blind date in a hurry, especially if it's arranged by her so-called buddies – you should see the swingin' guy they set her up with! Definitely a case of 'You must've been a beautiful baby, but baby, look at you now...!'

How do we follow that? Well, how about with Part Two of **The Devil And The Deep Blue Sea!** Last week, customers at a snack bar were greeted by something green and nasty whose only saving grace was that it wasn't in their sandwiches! Whatever next? Take a deep breath...

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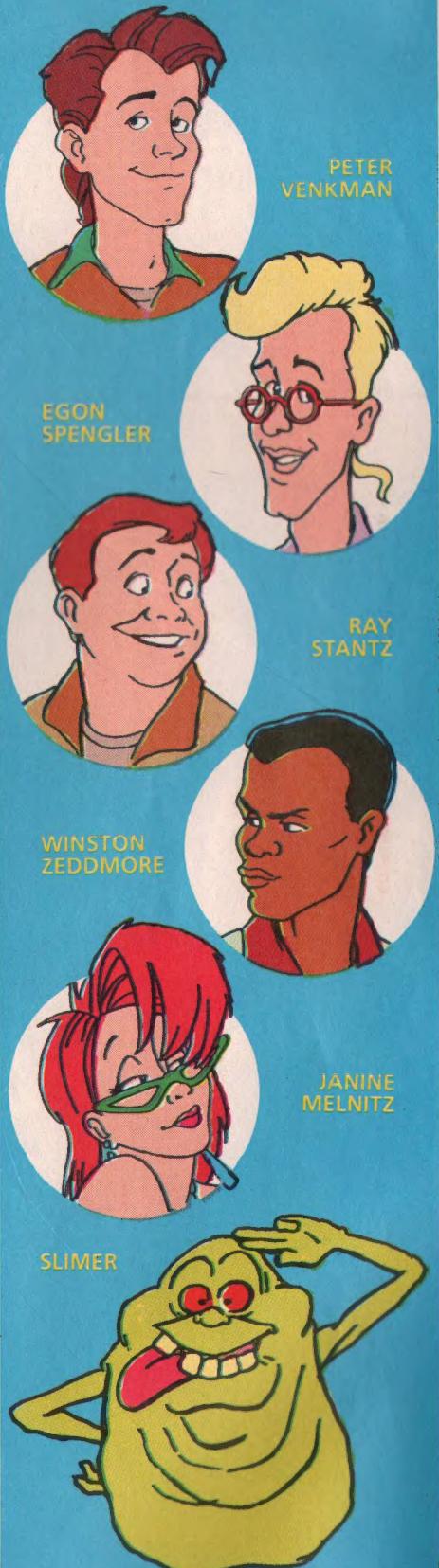
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Cover by BRIAN WILLIAMSON, STEPHEN BASKERVILLE and JOHN BURNS
Editor STUART BARTLETT Spirit Guide DAN ABNETT

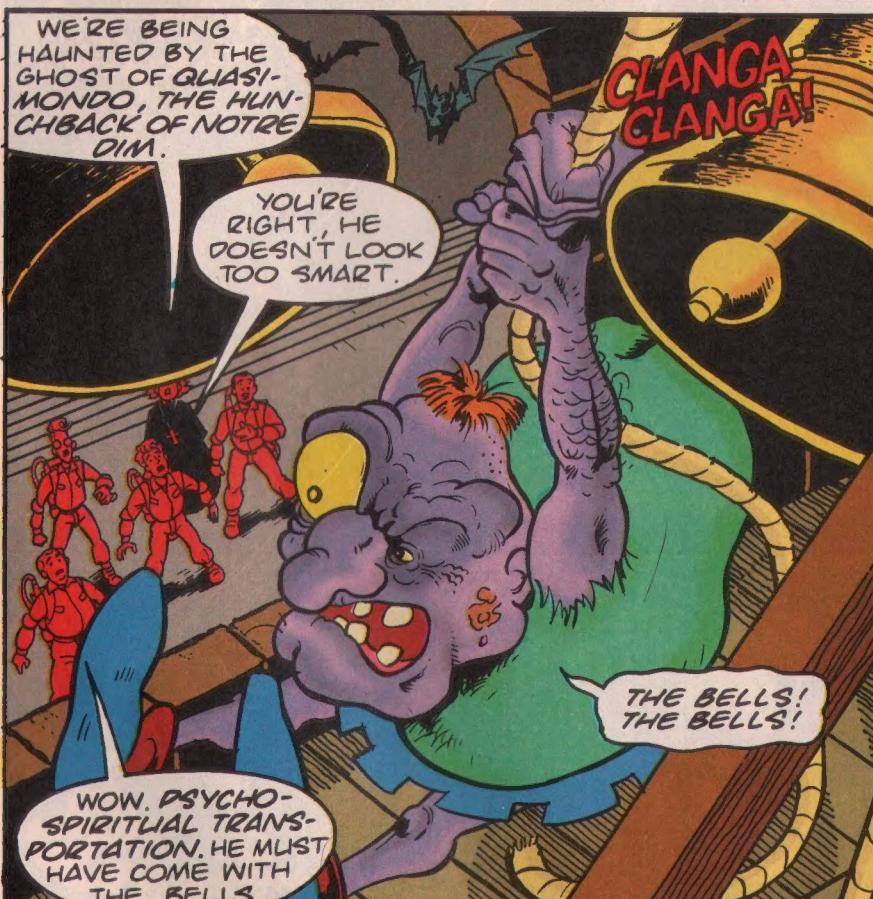
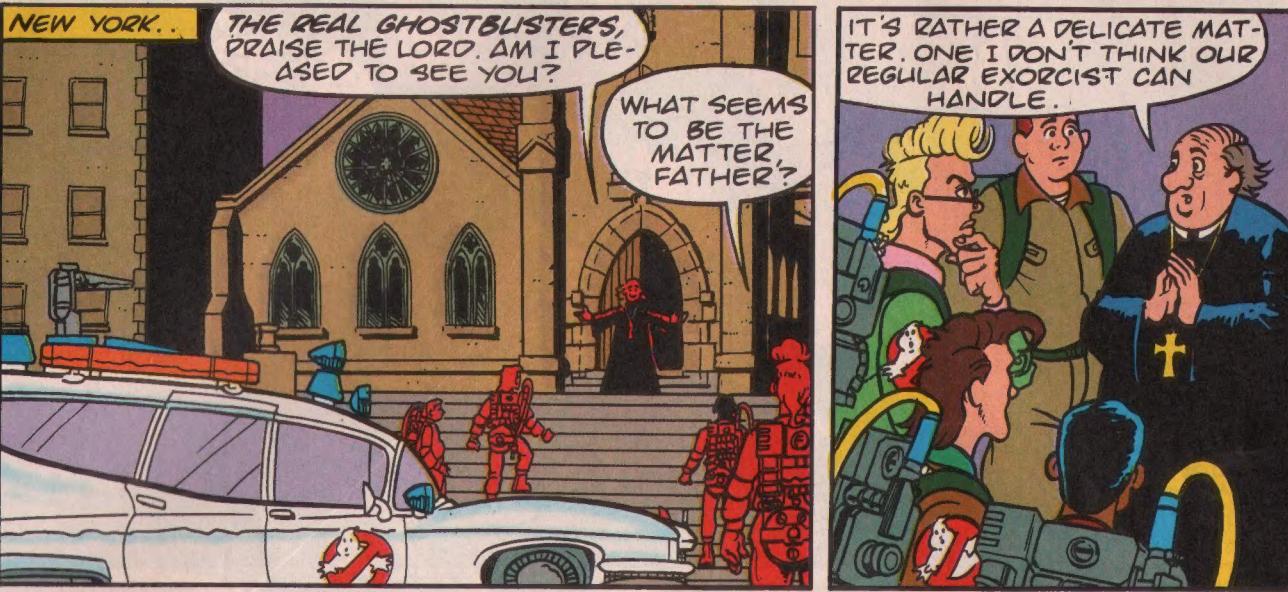


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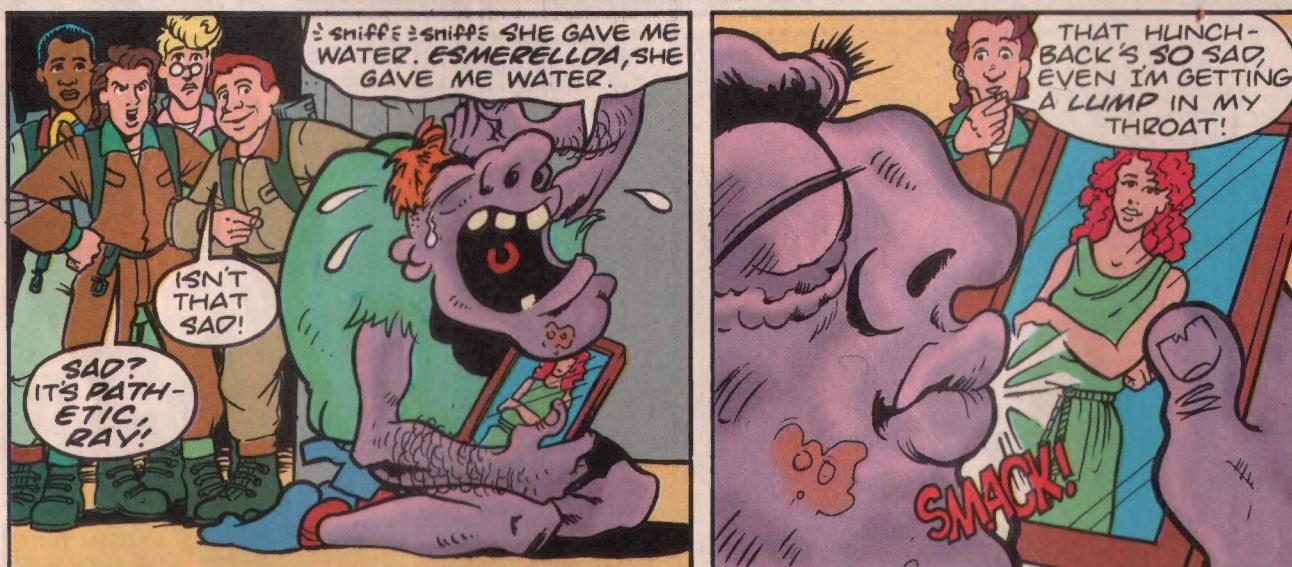
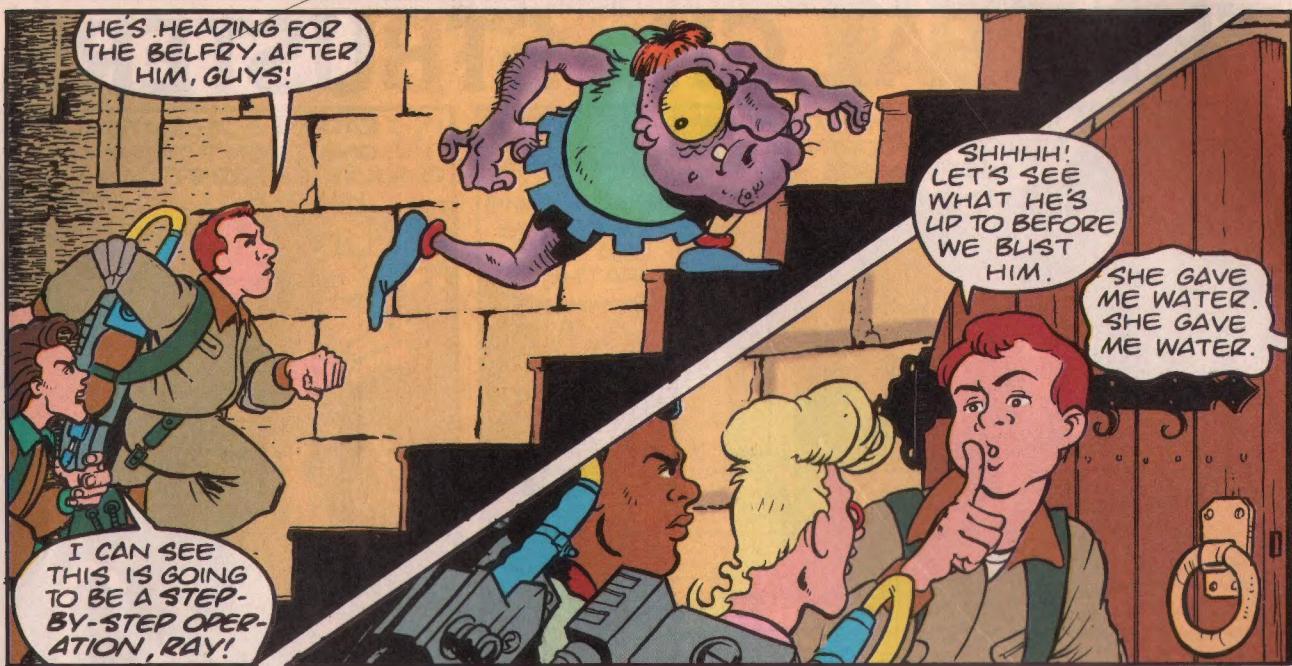
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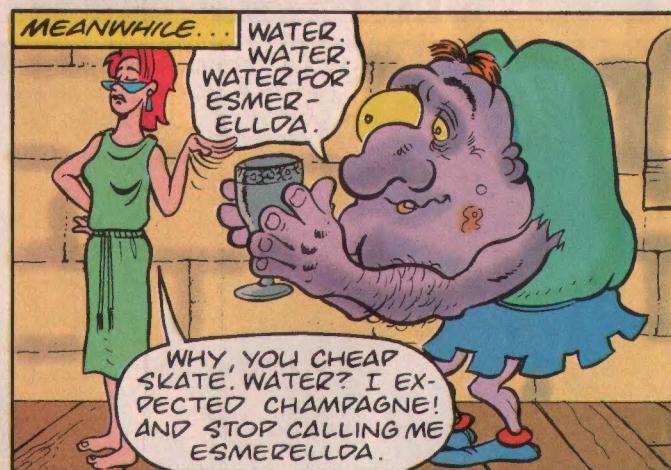
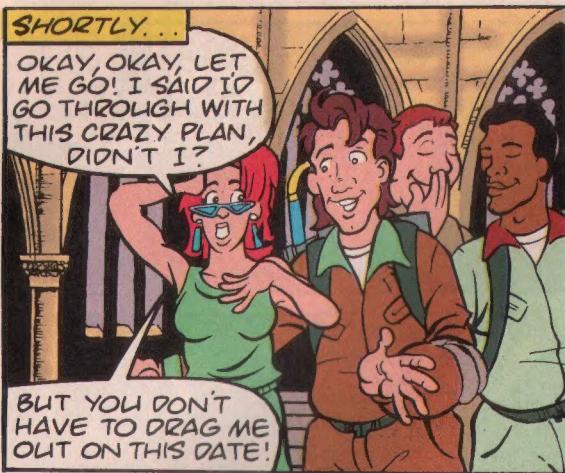


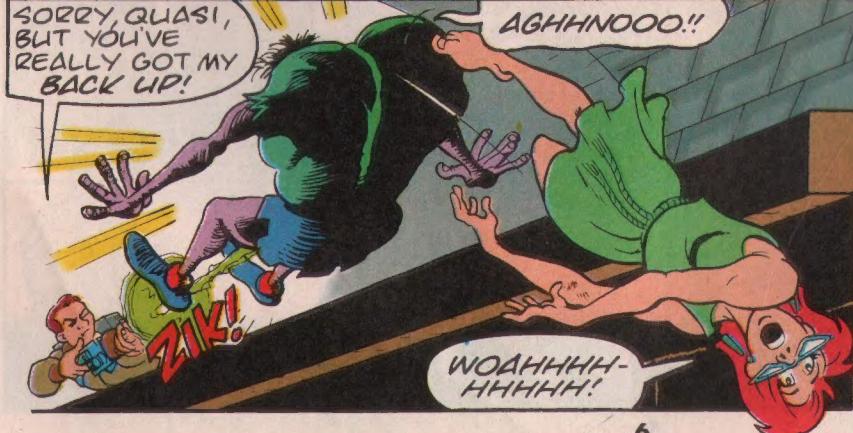
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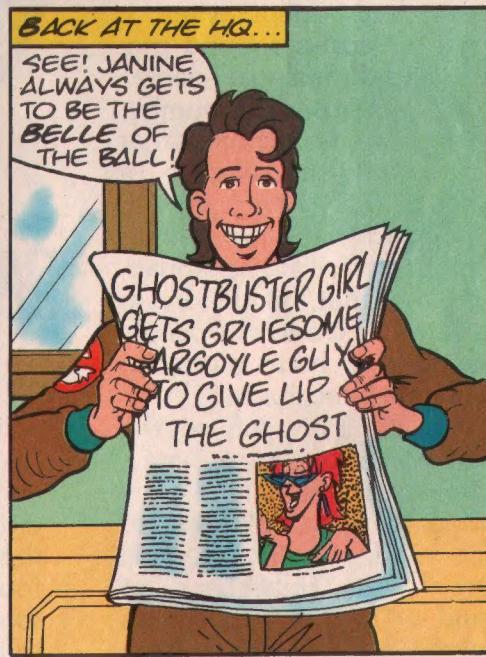


**HUNCHBACK
OF NOTRE DUM!**









SPENGLER'S SPIRIT GUIDE

It is a well-known fact that Baron Victor Von Frankenstein only managed to successfully build his monster thanks to a little hunchback at the laboratory. The hunchback in question was named Igor and was pretty adept when it came to post-moribund pre-med and threading a needle.

Igor is only one of a number of celebrated hunchbacks that feature in the Annals of Supernatural History. In fact, Dirk Planchette, who works as a night porter at the Annals, told me that he is forever turfing out crowds of people having after hours parties to celebrate hunchbacks.

We all know too of the Hunchback of Notre Dame, who spent his baleful time swinging from bell rope to bell rope, but we tend to forget the Hunchback of Spud-U-Chew, who spent his baleful time swinging from cash-desk to cash-desk until he collided with a bar stool and was sacked. Nor must we forget the Hunchbacks of Votre Dame (Dusseldorf), Quatre Dime (Montmatre) or Motre Darn (Twyford, every alternate Tuesday except during school holidays), who were all employed as labourers during the removal of the Bells of St Whinneys in the Sward. They had to man handle the bells into the smelting furnace, but



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resigned when the foreman told them to put their backs into it. Remember too the unfortunate Hunchback of the Mid-Sahara, who was found face down in the sand, sobbing after some months of trying to find something to swing from. I was lucky enough to meet the Hunchback of Quatre Dime and asked him if the bells had made him deaf. His reply was, predictably, 'Pardon?'

The Swinging Sixties were of course a good time for hunchbacks, as were the Penduluming Seventies and even the Dangling-From-A-Bell-Rope Eighties. However in the Cutting-Bell-Ropes-Off-At-The-Top Nineties, things have gone into a bit of a

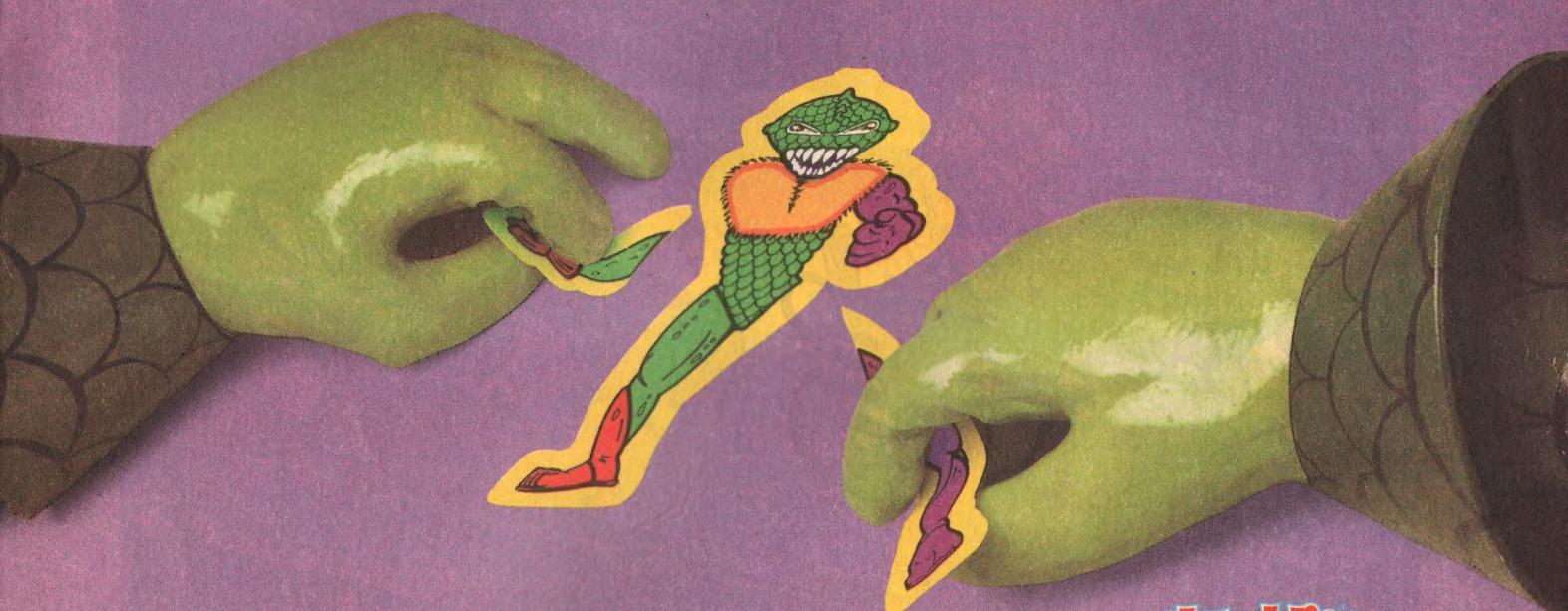
decline.

The Paranormal Investigator Wilfred Snag thought for many years that he was a hunchback, and used to play up on the gothic possibilities of this, until he discovered in 1972 that he was in fact an amnesiac RAF pilot downed in the Battle of Britain who had forgotten to take his parachute off. His career suffered a little from the loss of self-image, but of course everything turned out for the best in the long run, during the infamous Case Of The Ghost Who Pushed Me Off A Cliff.

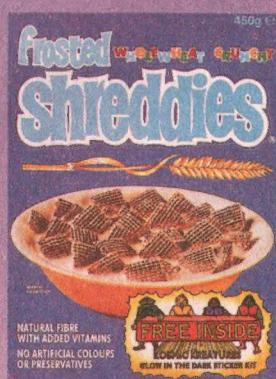
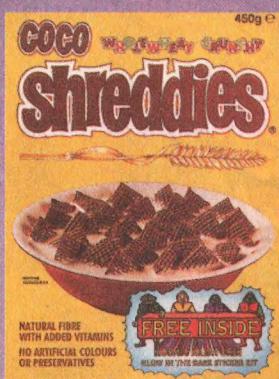
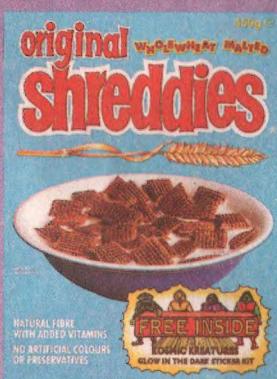
An anonymous Hunchback was reported some years ago in the belfry of Westminster Abbey, head-butting the bells day and night. When the police were called to identify him, they said the weren't quite sure, but the face rang a bell.

Actually, I'll have to come clean here and tell you that that last anecdote is completely made up, and was told to me by Peter, who has been reading the Guide recently and says I should put more jokes in it, as in his opinion, the whole thing needs to be spiced up as it really isn't 'Righteous, dead on or too safe' for his tastes. I'm dying to ask him what he means by that, but I'm afraid he'll get the hump.

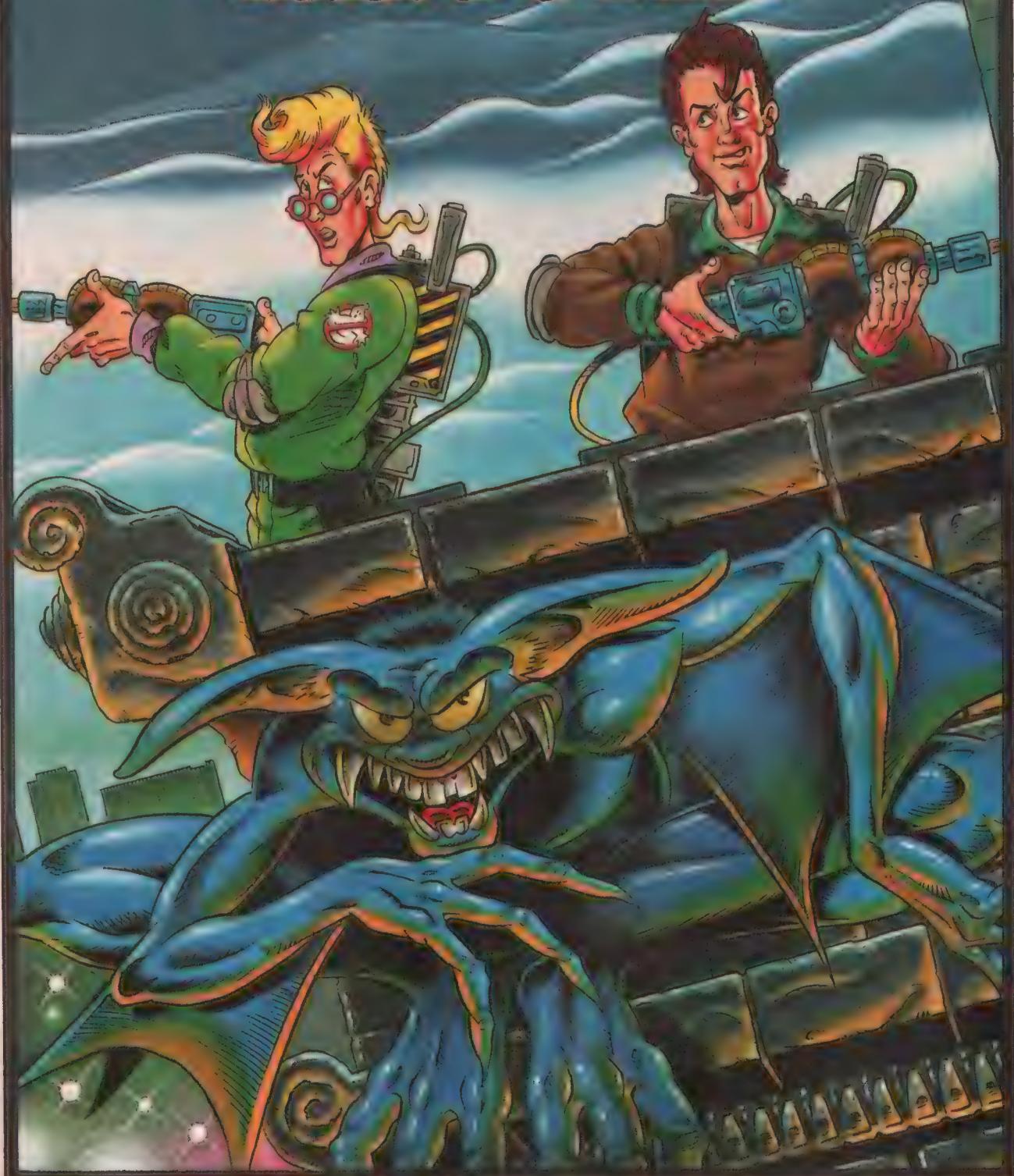
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THE GIGGLING GARGOYLE!



Story JOHN FREEMAN © Art BRIAN WILLIAMSON and STEPHEN BASKERVILLE and JOHN BURNS

The Real Ghostbusters latest problem is eight foot tall, uglier than sin with teeth beyond description. So why can't they find it?

"Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to Abernathy Tours on this fine morning in New York City. It's a warm summer's day – the commuters have trudged to work on the subway, or perhaps by car, and by Manhattan standards, Fifth Avenue, which our tour bus is travelling down now, is pretty quiet. Fifth Avenue first obtained fame for the mansions that lined it near Washington Square, and as you probably saw if you weren't eating or attacking your sister with a rolled up comic – yes, I'm talking to you, kid! If you weren't doing that, you've also probably seen that Fifth Avenue is better known for its shops between 24th and 59th Street. In fact, it's one of the most exclusive shopping areas in the country and we've just passed Tiffany's, the most famous jewellery store."

"Of course, it's quite quiet at this time of the morning, without many people about, but it's certainly obvious that people do 'Shop Until They Drop', ladies and gentlemen – take a look at that large lady over there with all those parcels and bags. Yes, the one with the strange looking dog. Oh yes, you're quite right kid, it's not a dog at all! It looks more like a huge, winged ghost that's attacking her. Never mind, I'm sure The Real Ghostbusters will be here to deal with it soon enough. I think I can hear the sirens now... Let's leave the bus and take a look at St. Thomas's Church for a while, a fine example of the fusion of French and Gothic architecture, before we move on for lunch in Central Park..." "There it is, Egon! It's attacking that shopper!" shouted Peter from ECTO-1, arming his Proton Gun. "This time I think we've caught this pest."

As Egon pulled ECTO-1 to a stop behind the Abernathy tour bus, Egon switched on his PKE Meter and aimed it at the huge leathery looking ghost as it winged

its way towards yet another shopper, squealing angrily. The ghost had huge wings and enormous feet, he noted. "Class three, I think," he muttered to Peter. "It's difficult to get a firm fix while it's on the move."

Peter leapt from ECTO-1 and turned, grinning. "Don't worry, Egon," he said, "I'm about to stop it for good. You can do all the measurements you like then." Egon sighed and reached for a personal tape recorder that he'd started to use, for research notes. As Peter raced towards the ghost, sure that he was going to bust it, Egon began to record the encounter. "Janine, it's 10am and I'm sitting in ECTO-1 on Fifth Avenue. Once again, Peter and I have caught up with this strange ghost that seems intent on attacking early morning shoppers. As you know, we've had several encounters with this particular ectoplasmic manifestation, only to lose the creature every time it flies off on this street. The creature is possibly Class three, winged, with large teeth and even larger clawed feet and hands, eyes as big as dinner plates. Strike that dinner plates reference, Janine, most unscientific. Peter seems a little annoyed by this ghost's agility."

"Stop flying and take it like the ghost you are!" shouted Peter, his Proton Gun crackling with energy. The ghost giggled and dodged the blast, then flew off with a bag marked Cartier. "My jewels!" shouted the large woman it had attacked.

"Janine, note that the ghost has flown off once again and that Peter and I are in pursuit on foot. Which reminds me, I need a new pair of boots, mine are somewhat worn." With that Egon switched off the tape and got out of ECTO-1, grabbing his own Proton Gun and Pack from the back. Peter raced up to him as he calmly put on the

equipment. "It's headed straight up Fifth Avenue. We can't lose it this time," Peter gasped, a little out of breath.

"Peter, that's what you said yesterday, and the day before that, and on several other occasions on Monday, Tuesday -"

"So we'll get lucky today," Peter snapped. "After all, how many places can a ghost that big and that ugly hide?"

"Which is what you said on Friday, Saturday -"

"Let's just find it, okay?" sighed Peter. With that the two Real Ghostbusters started following the trail of havoc left by the ghost, with shoppers staggering towards the dropped bags and parcels, avoiding the few cars that had swerved to avoid the creature as it had dive-bombed them. As Peter and Egon fell in behind a crowd of tourists outside St. Thomas's Church, Egon reminded Peter of his theory about the ghost.

"It seems to me that it's some sort of manifestation of a frustrated shopper," he droned. "Someone who loved to window shop or take lots of packages home but ran out of money, so they couldn't. In their despair, there was perhaps some sort of accident – involving a shopping trolley, I expect – and in revenge this ghost is attacking living shoppers who can take their purchases home."

"Face it, Egon, the thing's just a random spook out to cause trouble. But where is it?"

Once again, it seemed the ghost had disappeared and Peter groaned. Then he heard the tour guide talking about the Church.

"The church was designed by Bertram Grosvenor Goodhue, one of the most important architects of Gothic buildings in New York. This particular church was completed in 1914 after a fire destroyed the previous church in 1905 and the tower is 214 feet long, 100 feet wide and 95 feet high."

"Peter, we should be looking –"

"Wait a moment Egon, I'm listening to the tour guide."

Egon raised an eyebrow in surprise. "I didn't know you were interested in churches," he said.

"I am when there's gargoyle on the roof," Peter replied, grinning, "Look."

Egon looked and sure enough, there were gargoyle on the roof of the church, some of the ugliest he'd ever seen. More to the point, one of those ugly gargoyle was moving. "So that's where it's been hiding!" he exclaimed.

"Time to flush it out, I think," replied Peter, running towards the doors of the church. "Come on!"

"... and ladies and gentlemen it seems we're very privileged today because there on the roof of St. Thomas's Church, notable for its Gothic structure, are two of The Real Ghostbusters. I think it's Egon Spengler and Ray Stantz. They seem to have found that ghost that we saw earlier and yes, they are about to, er ... 'bust it' with their high powered energy weapons, copies of which are available in your nearest toyshop. My goodness. that was close, I think that Stantz fellow almost fell off when the ghost flew at him. If you'll notice the unique way the roof is built, ladies and gentlemen, the way the cornice and niches form a superimposed line of false perspective – oh, that was a good shot, that Egon fellow has caught the ghost and yes, there you see the famous Ghost Trap being waved at the ghost by Stantz – oh, no, it's Peter Venkman, I recognise him from his television show. Yes, though it's snarling a lot and lashing out with its claws, I think the ghost is well and truly trapped, another victory for New York's most famous private enterprise. Hey kid, what are you doing with that ice cream and your sister's hair? If you don't behave we will exclude the Ghostbusters HQ from this tour. Kid? Kid?"



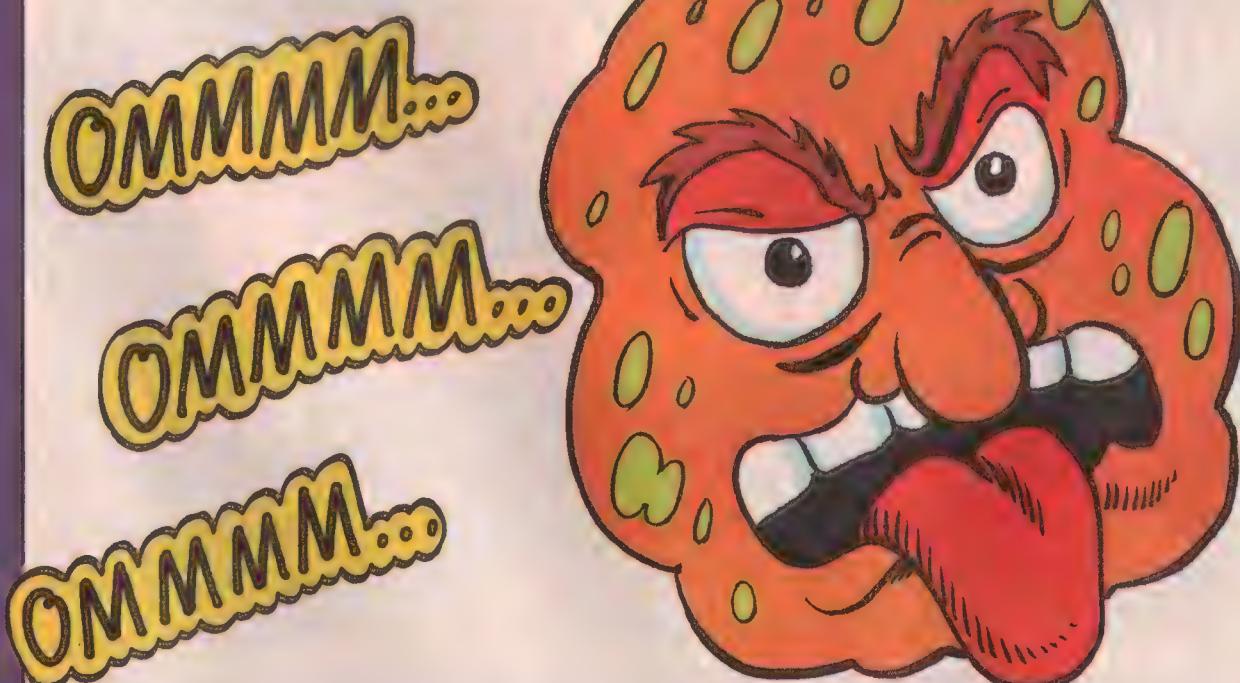
HOST OF A CHANT

When the practice of changing one's karma turns into anything but a 'calm' activity, what should you do? Why, call in The Real Ghostbusters, naturally! At least, this is what Martha and George did when the surroundings of their downtown New York apartment was taken over by a constant 'ommmmm' sound. "It's not human," complained George. He was no fool!

A practising Buddhist called William Katts was living in the apartment next door, and it didn't take long for the Ghostbusters to wonder if he could be at the root of the din (or should that be 'yin?'). It turned out

that in an effort to expand his spiritual nature, William had been praying 'Buddhist' style by chanting. Unfortunately, however, he had taken 'spiritual growth' to the extreme by creating a physical-phantom manifestation of himself (phew!)

Egon calmly pointed out that by chanting the right words, simultaneously, Williams could become 'one' again! Roughly translated this meant that their positive thinking helped William to help himself and return to his natural state. Now, that's 'Real' useful!



THEY'RE HERE!!



THE

MONSTER

IN MY POCKET

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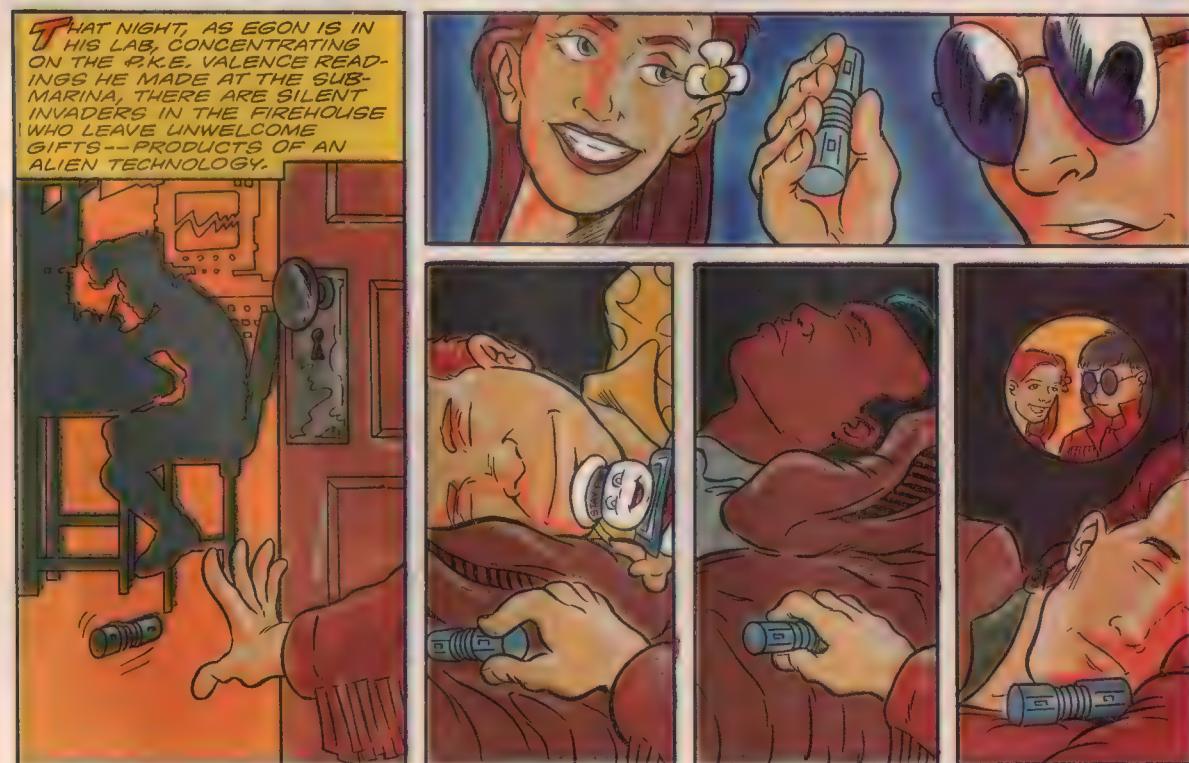
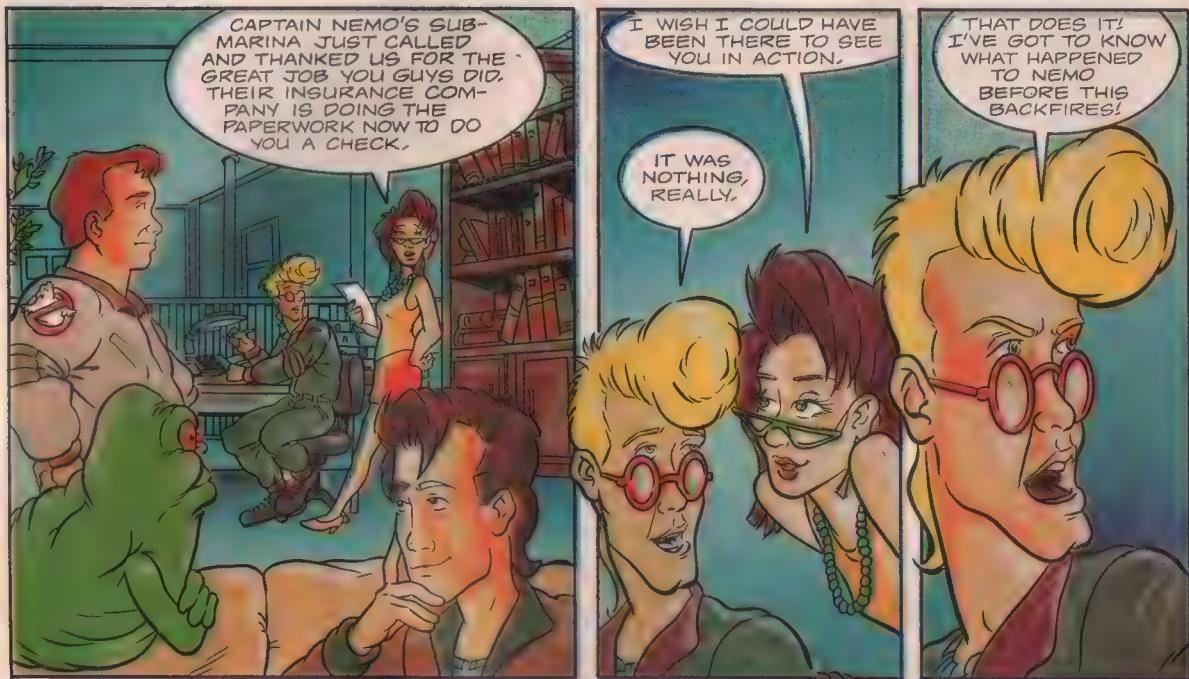
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THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

Part Two: A strange group of youngsters from the future, The Counter Clock Criminals, have kidnapped Captain Nemo's Ghost from The Real Ghost-busters...

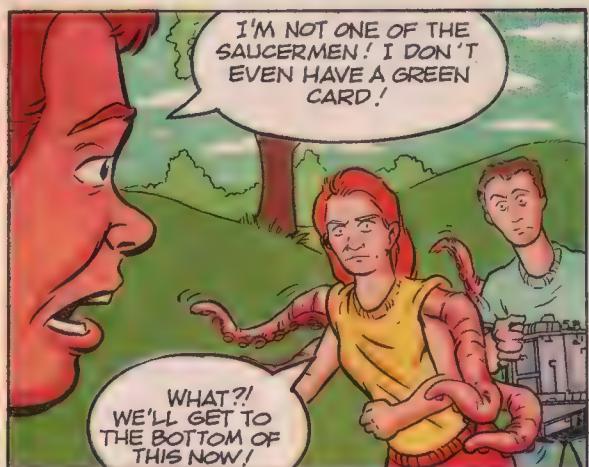
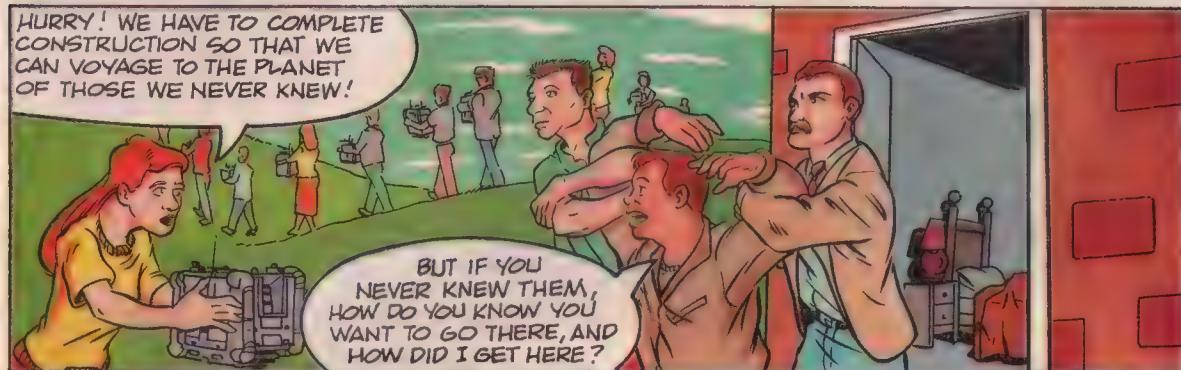


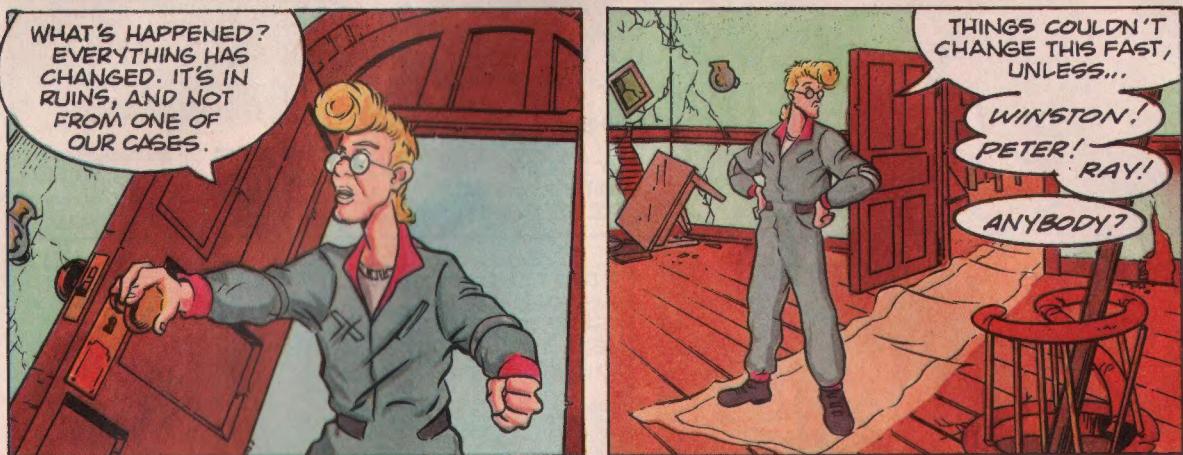
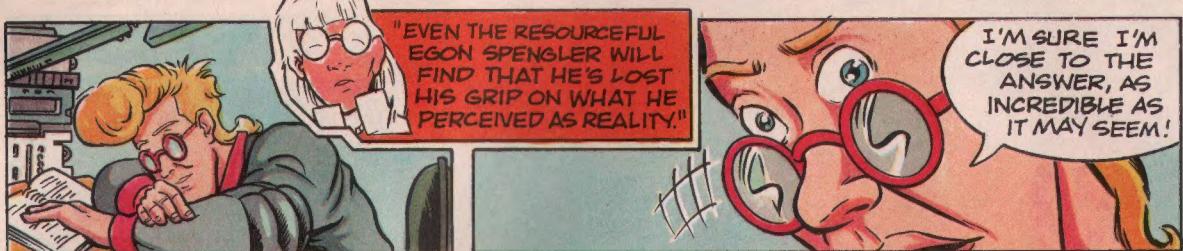














More Ghostbusting action next week!

DEAD TRUE!


t was on a cold winter's day in December 1716 that a poltergeist first made its presence felt at a parsonage in Epworth. A servant answered a knock at the door to find no one outside, and later saw a corn-grinding hand-mill turning by itself.

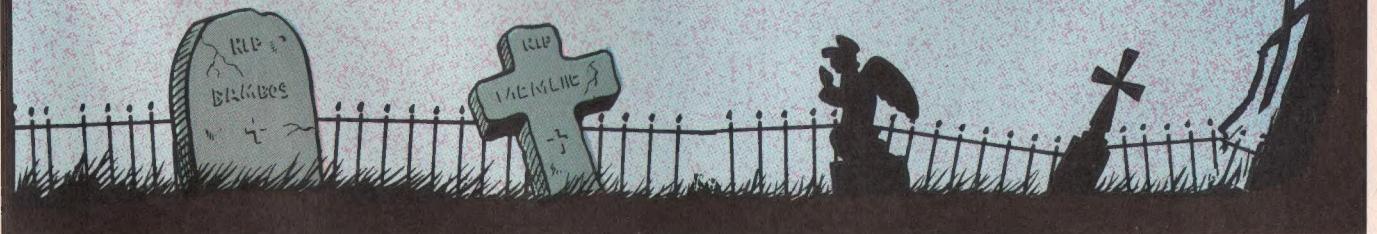
The two month nightmare that followed was recorded in a diary by John Wesley, one of the children of the family, who eventually went on to found the Methodist Church. Molly, his sister, was the next to witness strange happenings in the house. She was sitting in the library reading, when the door opened by itself. Poor Molly was dumbstruck as she heard the sound of footsteps coming into the room. She could hear petticoats rustling around her chair, but she was so frightened that she could hardly move, and remained where she was

until the noises stopped.

The rest of the family were not immune to the disturbances either, and soon they were all hearing mysterious sounds, such as footsteps on the stairs, bangs in the corridor, rappings on tables, and even the creaking of an invisible cradle being rocked in the nursery. Mrs Wesley heard a noise which sounded like a bag of money being emptied on to the floor, door latches appeared to lift themselves up, and invisible forces threw members of the family into corners and against walls! However, the children didn't appear to be afraid of the noises once they got used to them, and even decided to christen their invisible visitor Old Jeffrey, the name of someone who used to live in the huse.

Convinced that the spectre was evil, sent to test the faith of his family as well as himself, Samuel Wesley, John's

father, told it to meet him alone in the study for a final confrontation. When Samuel tried to enter the room, a tremendously powerful force prevented him from opening the door. Eventually he managed to get in, and asked the spirit to identify itself. The spook would only respond to Samuel's questions by knocking furiously on the walls, until the noise became almost deafening. Samuel however, was a devout parson, and his faith could not be shaken. He was also a very brave man! He would not be terrorised by the spirit, and eventually, the ghost seemed to calm down. The knocking stopped and suddenly all was quiet. That was the last they ever heard of their spectral uninvited guest in the Wesley household. It had been a terrifying couple of months, but it was over at last and the family were left in peace.



TROUBLE ON THE LINE!

